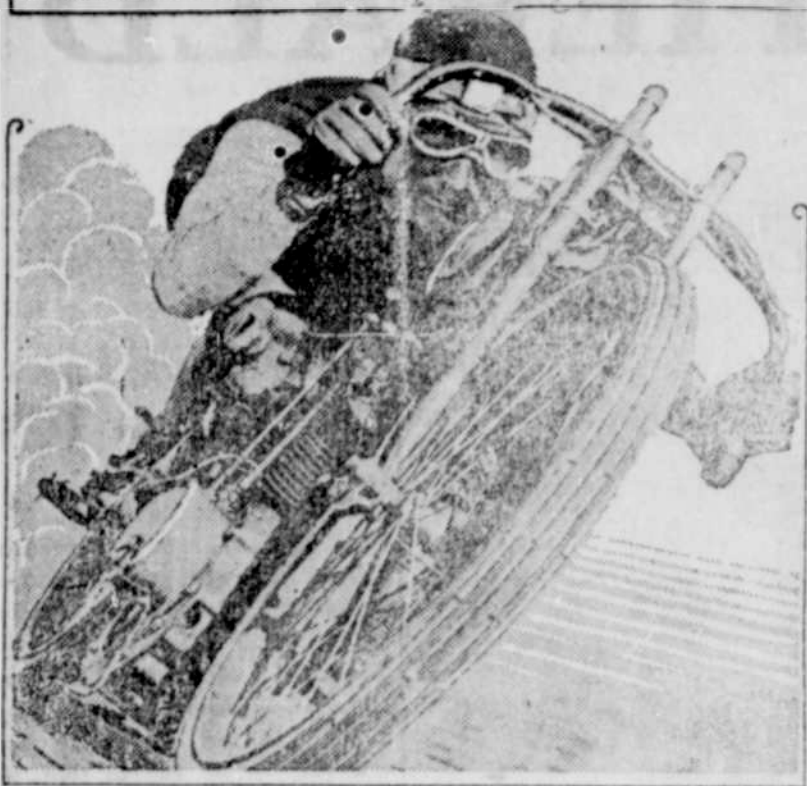


FASTEST SPEED AND PHOTO EVER MADE

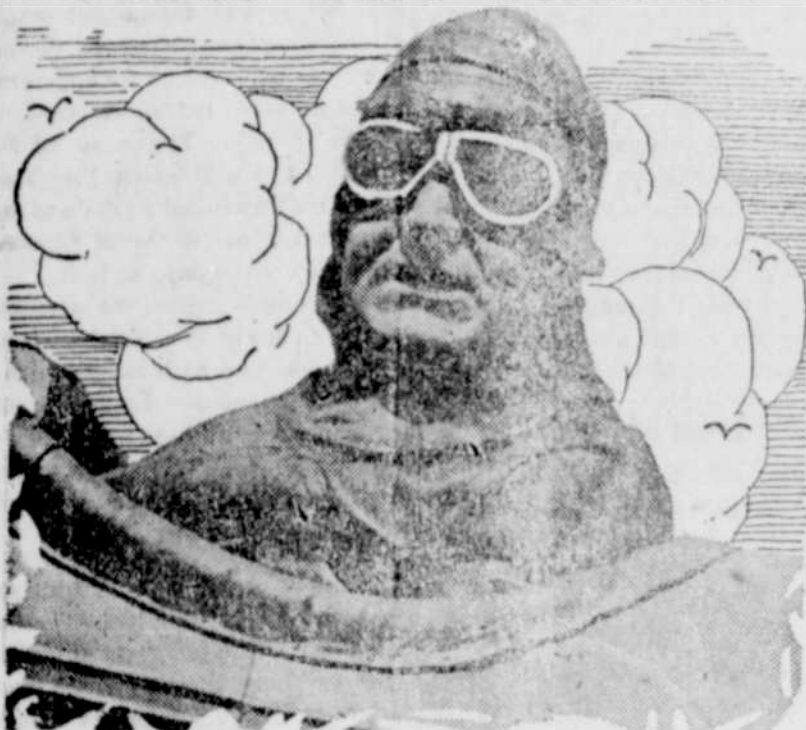


One hundred and twelve miles an hour is the fastest that man has ever traveled, shown here, as Fred Ludlow set the record at the Beverly Hills track in Los Angeles. More remarkable yet is the camera which so accurately photographs such speed. Both feat and photo are history making.



Sol Wright of Louisiana was not satisfied with the varieties of rice American growers were planting, so he got busy. Result—the famous brand of Edith rice—named after Mr. Wright's little daughter shown here—was introduced. The rice held by the little miss was the only seed of its kind in the world and was valued at \$800. It was this brand which in the last few years has given American rice superiority over all rice grown in the world.

GUESS WHO THIS IS?



When President Harding selected Edwin Denby of Michigan as his Secretary of Navy, he picked out a regular "go-getter" and two fisted American, is now the verdict of Washington folks. It is because they have seen Secretary Denby in more unconventional poses than any public man since Roosevelt. When Denby inspects he inspects—as shown here at the Marine camp at Quantico, Va., ready for a flight in a naval plane. Denby was a sergeant in the Marines during war.

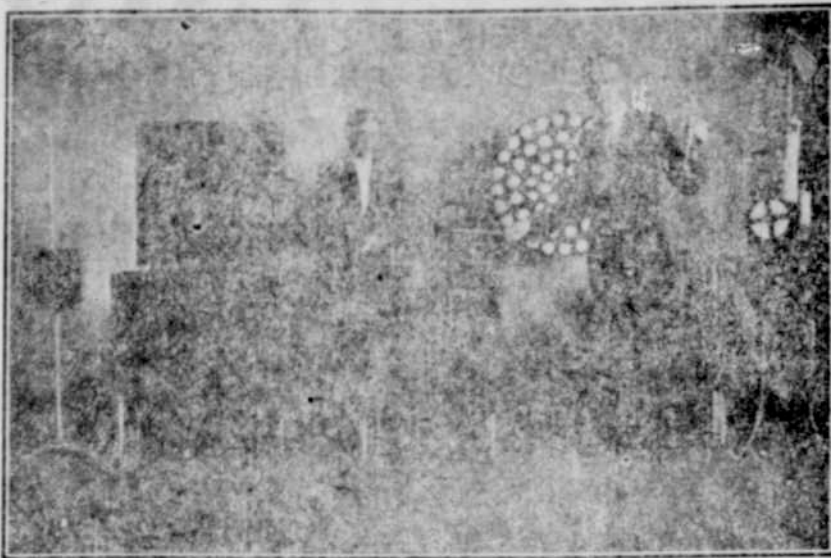
ALL HIS MIGHT IN EVERY PUNCH



"Put all the power you have into everything you do," was the policy adopted by Rocky Kansas, a lightweight of Buffalo, N. Y. He practiced what he preached, the result being that he worked himself up and into a bout with Champion Benny Leonard for the title—a hundred thousand dollar fuss.

Electrical Wizard Coming

Glenn L. Morris Demonstrates Inventions.



One of the most interesting departures in this season's Chautauqua will be the appearance of Glenn L. Morris and his assistant in two unique scientific demonstrations. The world has been moving forward so rapidly of late in the matter of new inventions that the Cadmean System has secured this brilliant young scientist to present in a popular manner the most interesting and important developments of recent years and indicate the lines of experiment along which the great students and inventors are now working for future discoveries.

Mr. Morris' demonstrations are

TRUCK WAS FIRST "TROLLEY"

How the Name, Now in Universal Use, Came to Be Applied to Electrical Apparatus.

Most persons who use the word "trolley" do not know the origin of this term, or why this name was given to the apparatus by which the electricity is conveyed from an overhead wire.

Seventy years ago the word was used to designate "a form of truck which can be tilted, for carrying railroad materials or the like." This is the only definition of the word in a dictionary of the edition of 1843.

In an edition of 1892 three other definitions are added: 1. "A narrow cart that is pushed by hand or drawn by an animal." It is noted that this meaning of the word is in use in England, not in the United States. 2. "A truck from which the load is suspended on some kind of cranes." This meaning is technical and employed only in speaking of machinery. 3. "Electric railway. A truck which travels along the fixed conductors, and forms a means of connection between them and a railway car."

It is easy to see how the primitive form of the electric trolley, which travels upon the wires, came to receive its name from its resemblance to other types of trolley; and the name, having been immediately given to this primitive form, was naturally retained when the method of connection was changed from a little truck moving on a wire to a mast having at its end a wheel pressing on the lower surface of the wire.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

How Butterfly's Wing Photographs.

When a butterfly's wing is laid for a considerable length of time upon a photographic plate, in a dark room, a clear image of the wing makes its appearance upon the plate when the latter is developed. In general the images are of the positive character, the dark parts of the wing coming out most strongly, while white portions make no impression at all upon the plate. It is the scales of the wing which exert the photographic influence, since when these are removed the wing fails to record itself upon the plate. The removed scales, however, are found to register on a plate.

Soft and Sturdy Sweaters



Soft and sturdy yarns, closely and firmly knitted into sweaters and sweater coats with little ornamentation and much warmth—these are the outstanding style features in this year's products. There is a reaction away from strong contrasts in color, but variations in the weave or knitting serves for decoration. Above all the new sweaters and sweater coats look warm; their collars take their cue from those of coats; they are ample and cozy. There is nothing frivolous or inconsequential about these new models; they are business-like, snug-fitting, and smart.

A great many sweaters and sweater coats are knit with caps to match. There are occasional collarless models provided with a scarf in a lighter color and finished with a fringe of yarn. Very long sleeves that are rolled back at the hand, pockets finished with a band in the color of the scarf having a narrow yarn fringe below it, and buttons set close together add dignity to a handsome sweater of this kind. There is a cap to match with a huge but flat pompon made of loops of yarn on the top of it. This is a sweater de luxe, especially when it is knit by hand.

The two models pictured are meant for good service and notice their wear-

ing into the open air. They are machine knit and made in several colors, blue and gray being the favorites. Very heavy yarns are used for them and most of them are knit with caps to match to accompany the sweater, when skating, tobogganing or other winter sports engage their wearers. The sweater coat pictured buttons up the front with bone buttons and is provided with patch pockets and a belt of the knitted material. It has a rolled collar and depends for ornamentation and snug fit upon variations in its knitting. A border at the bottom, bands on the pockets and cuffs are all out in by running the stitches in a horizontal direction. Worn with a heavy woolen skirt and a hat this sweater will serve for practical wear on the street in the morning and for school.

The gray sweater of very heavy yarn with sailor collar and cap to match, is meant for sports wear. Every athletic girl will see its advantages. The new sweaters may be had in a variety of colors.

Julia Bottomly

MIXED IDENTITY

By NINA G. RAMSAY.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"U. S. S. Birmingham, Lisbon, Portugal.

"Dearest Dolly:

"I cannot begin to tell you how glad I am again to be writing you—guess I acted like a cad about Ted Corling—but at the same time you must admit, little girl, that you gave me some cause for anger. Dear, can't we call it quits? And as for—"

The letter fluttered from Molly's fingers. Who in the world was writing to her like this? Why, she had never had a sweetheart in all her lonely life, and out of a clear blue sky—this. She flushed guiltily as she thought of the "little girl," and hurriedly picking up the scattered sheets, finished reading. The rest of the letter was filled with thrilling tales of travel, bits of humorous adventure, and—between the lines—a man's yearning for home and "his" girl. It was signed "Monty."

Molly's life had been singularly uneventful as far as men were concerned. Ever since she could remember she had lived with her mother as her only companion—the mother whose soul and mind were buried deep in a past of which she never spoke. The day the letter was received she had been, for her, unusually blue and lonely.

She could not help feeling in her secret heart that the letter could not possibly be for her, and yet—it was rather nice to be called "dear."

Molly hastily snatched up the envelope, and as she scanned it a second time the smile died from her face: "To Miss Dolly Roberts, Sargent School, Cambridge, Mass.," she read.

So that was it! She had frequently been confused with Dolly Roberts because of the similarity of their names, although they were as different as night and day. Pretty, frivolous, fickle Dolly—why, the whole school was talking about her now for eloping quite dramatically a week ago! Yes, and the man's name had been Carling!

She sat quite still. A daring thought had entered her mind; this Monty was a safe distance away, Dolly was certainly beyond caring—school would be closing now in a week and Molly could send him her summer address. Who would be the wiser if she wrote to Monty, pretending she was Dolly? She could typewrite her letters, so that Monty would not suspect; he was too far away to hear of Dolly's latest caprice. Molly, at this moment, was far from the placid being her schoolmates thought her.

The plan was carried through without a slip. Molly wrote one of her inimitable letters—clever, humorous and sensible. An answer came in time, then letters flew back and forth all summer and fall.

Thus matters stood until one crisp morning in early December. As Molly was leaving the school building, a telegram was put into her hands, and with a sinking sensation in her breast, she tore open the envelope. The words stared up at her through a blur:

"Meet me on 2:35 train today. Must see you—Monty."

Molly stood dazed; her little world was crumbling about her feet.

As the hour approached, Molly's sensitive soul shrunk from the task, but somehow she found herself at the station, waiting with a heavy heart to break her poor bubble into a thousand crystals.

The train rumbled into the station, the great gates swung open, and a throng streamed through. Molly, sick with misery, turned away and leaned despairingly against the iron gate.

Suddenly she was startled by a touch on her arm, and a deep voice said a bit unsteadily:

"Molly, you were—so good—to come."

In her distress she did not notice that he called her "Molly," she did not even stop to wonder how he knew her. She had only an instant's impression of a tanned, rather good-looking face, and earnest, smiling eyes, then—

"Oh," she cried, "you—it's all a horrible mistake—I lied to you. I opened your letter to Dolly by mistake—and I was lonely, and—"

The pitiful recital ended in what sounded suspiciously like a sob, and the tall young man in the ensign's uniform patted her shoulder clumsily.

"There, now," he soothed gently. "I knew all the time—and I'm glad Dolly did elope, because now I have you."

Indignantly Molly shook off his hand, and demanded warmly:

"You—knew?"

"Well, you see," explained the young man genially, "when I received your first letter I knew that somebody quite different from Dolly had written it. I made guarded inquiries of my sister, Peg, a senior at Sargent, and she told me about Molly Robbins, who was always being confused with Dolly Roberts. It sounded reasonable and so, well, I've been busy falling in love with you ever since. Why, I knew you the minute I stepped through the gates."

Molly's opposition was fast diminishing. She allowed herself to be led to the street, but once there she stopped suddenly.

"We haven't been properly introduced," she declared, primly. "I don't really know you."

"What you don't know," declared the young man magnificently, "won't hurt you!"

I've tried them all
but give me a Camel

I'm through experimenting. No more switching. No more trying this and that. It's Camels for me—every time.

They're so refreshing! So smooth! So mellow mild!

Why? The answer is Camels exclusive expert blend of choice Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. There's nothing like it.

No other cigarette you can buy gives you the real sure-enough, all-day satisfaction that comes from the Camel blend. Camel is the quality cigarette.

Give Camels a tryout. Buy a pack today. Get your information first hand. You'll tie to Camels, too.



R. J. REYNOLDS Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camel